Eager, Bustling Throngs Ever Passing In and Out-Gifts Received One Minute and sald the Next-The Restaurant Making \$150 a Day-Punch and Judy Shows and usical Entertainments-At the Polls.



Y the time one has viewed the gay and brilliant scenes at the Masonic Fair, one may well exclaim, Charity! O Charity! how many festivities

are enjoyed in thy name!" But as the good times bring forth money-and plenty of of it too by the waywhich is to be used in a laudable cause that otherwise might go begging, they have even more than their their usual excuse for

Seeing the eager, bustling, throng of people constantly passing in and out, a tranger might suppose that last night was the first of the fair and never for a moment imagine that just such crowds had attended the merry, money-making entertainment every night for the past two weeks and would, in all probability, for two weeks to ome.
But so it is, and although the closing time

But so it is, and although the closing time was at one time fixed for Dec. 17, it was rumored in the building last night that gifts continued to be made in such numbers and purchasers were so plentiful that the managers had decided that the fair should not become a thing of the past until the night before Christmas. This seems a little hard on the "dear girls" who since the opening have caused many hearts to flutter and, ergo, so many pockets to be lightened of their contents, but, as one of them (the girls, of course) said last night. "It is only six days longer than we thought, you know, and I guess we can stand it."

And then, in a nervous, half-forgetful, delightful manner, she took hold of the young

and then, in a nervous, hall-forgetful, de-ightful manner, she took hold of the young man's coat with her little hands, looked at him with her big eyes, and in an appealing voice said: "Oh, won't you take a chance?" It sounded so much like "Don't you love me?" that the young man was at first involuntarily inclined to press matters, but he didn't. He just put his hand into his pocket, drew out \$1, and, almost before he realized it, had become the possessor of one chance in the draw for a store.

it, had become the possessor of one chance in the draw for a stove.

But the fair venders of chances don't waste time in talking to him who talks and does not buy and he who receives a smile must pay for it. The principal booths are still on the first or main floor and the many contributions which are constantly being received cause the large rooms to take on an ever changing appearance. Articles are received one minute and sold the next, and, what is most strange, they can be bought at very reasonable prices.

reasonable prices.

In one of the chapter rooms Punch and Judy, under the direction of Prof. Campbell, still offer "three shows in an entertainment" nightly. Their repertoire last night included, "The Persecuted Dutchman," "The Persecuted Cobbler," and "Who Stole the

cuted Cobbler," and "Who Stole the Goose?"

On the third floor is the smoking-room, and here it is that those who have invested "not wisely but too well" come and with depleted pockets proceed to whiff their cares away before they, for lack of a nickel, walk home. On the fifth floor the association still does a thriving restaurant business, the receipts from which have at no time since the commencement of the fair fallen below \$150 per day. Here, too, the prices are low and one can get a sirloin steak for half a dollar or a plate of ice cream for 15 cents. The restaurant is get a sirloin steak for half a dollar or a plate of ice cream for 15 cents. The restaurant is most admirably managed by Mrs. H. H. Brockway, who is well supported by a corps of able assistants consisting of Mrs. S. L. Terhune, Mrs. M. Van Blarcom, Mrs. Day and Miss Tillie Munroe. To reach the restaurant one has only to take the elevator for which, it is announced, "there is positively to charge."

no charge."

Opposite to and on the same floor as the Opposite to and on the same floor as the restaurant is the concert-room, in which last night a classical concert was given in the presence of a goodly audience. The concert consisted in the rendering of well-chosen music on the piano by Herman O. C. Korthener, on the violin by Louis Mollenhauer, and singing by George Werrenrath, the tenor. Saturday night will be the red letter for the concert-room, for by the courtesy of Mr. Henry E. Abbey the members of the Gerster company will be heard. The management expect that the following artists will take part in the entertainment: Mr. Theo. Bjorksten, tener; Sig. De Anna, baritone; Sig. Carbone, buffo; Mr. A. Oswald, baritone; Sig. Carbone, buffo; Mr. A. Oswald, baritone; Mme. Sacconi, harpist; Miss Esther Jacobs, contralto; Miss Nettie Carpenter, violin virtuoso; Sig. Ferrari, pianist, and Mr. A. Neuendorff, conductor.

At the polls the interest is as great as ever, and the pluralities are ever varying. Last evening the leaders in the different contests wore as follows: For the most popular elergyman the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur is a few votes shead of his nearest competitor. C. C. Shayne is away ahead in the goat contest. F. R. McMillen, according to the votes, is the most popular member of the lodge and is likely to get the jewel. H. S. Hermann is the popular Master. Rebecca at the Well and Miss F. Larsson are close competitors for the diamond earrings. Mrs. E. B.

MAY LAST TILL CHRISTMAS.

Harper, at the polls, is the most popular Master Mason's wife, and Joseph Britton seems likely to take the sword of popularity from other Commanders of New York and Brooklyn. E. E. Van Sann will probably be elected Junior Warden, and The World still maintains its lead in popularity over all other

WHERE THEY BEAT THEIR GRANDAMS. erap - Box Pictures Made in Incredible



to add ornament to the unpretentious exterior of a plain square box.

Small woodcuts representing anything the fancy can conceive have been cut out of magazines and "picture papers" by the grandmotherly scisssors and conscientiously stuck upon this pinewood box. Then she varnished it and was happy. Her art sense was soothed.

was soothed.

Children of this favored hour can "see than one better" or Children of this favored hour can "see their grandams and go them one better" on the scrap-boxes. The manufacturers of Christmas cards and other lithographic pictures print small objects by the hundred, all ready for children to paste into books or on boxes. These pictures are cut out, the paper is stamped so as to give the object a certain roundness, and they are in bright colors, still further heightened by varnish.

They come in sheets of half a dozen or more, and all the child has to do is to cut them apart and paste them into a book or on the bex. Two hundred of them, each one different from all the others, can be bought for 50 cents.

The animal kingdom, the realm of flowers, small landscapes, with pictures humorous or sentimental, have helped out the inventor. In one house which prints this sort of thing more than seven hundred workmen are employed. They are trained to the work from childhood.

childhood.

A Nassau street dealer who handles them has sent these tiny "scrap pictures" to the four quarters of the world. Young ones in Australia, small droll-faced Chinese babies, dusky South American children, little Russian connoisseurs amuse themselves with these scraps.

dusky South American children, little Russian connoisseurs amuse themselves with these scraps.

One year the dealer received nearly forty thousand letters. Of course, he advertises a good deal and carries a large stock, but the number of these small pictures bought is almost incredible.

This is an art kindergarten for children. They learn to select the ones they like best and their imagination is stimulated, besides being kept out of mischief and finding amusement in a clean play.

ment in a clean play. It is a great scheme, a good deal of money is made by it and a good many children are made happy.

## NEWS ABOUT WORKINGMEN.

Waiters generally complain of dull times and a Planomakers and furniture and woodworkers are busy and few of them are out of work.

Reports from the International Unions indicate that 3,000 eigarmakers are out of work. It is estimated that 4,000 of the Subway labore are idle and likely to remain so until next spring Union waiters are moving to stop the blacklisting of members by the Park and Ballroom Proprie-tors' Association.

tors' Association.

Bricklayers and plasterers are very busy. Carpenters and painters complain of a lack of work, but look for better times after the holidays.

Of the 20,000 men bngaged in the harbor as freight handlers, boatmen and longshoremen, 3,500 are said to be unable to find employment. Nearly sixty thousand men are engaged in the building trades in this city and not more than 10,000 of the number are out of work at the present. The season has been thus far very favorable for out-

Work is plentiful in the clothing trade, and it is estimated that 15,000 men and women are kept busy making all kinds of wearing apparel. Much of the labor is done in tenement house work-rooms on the East side.

on the East side.

The pamphiet issued by the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America discussing the question of amalgamation with the United Order of American Carpenters and Joiners and giving the correspondence between the two bodies, has not been repited to, nor is it likely to be. The organization last named does not seem willing to enter any arrangement whereby it will be required to recognize the cards of the Brotherhood.

Gamin-Wot's der matter, Fiddacy? 'n' der gate's locked!
Gamin—Brace up! Mister Evarts mos' ginerally
kims up on der 5 o'clock car. He'll crawi t'rough
'n' git it fer yer!

Not Scriptural, but True. (From Life.)
Clergyman—My boy, you were very naughty to run away. Don't you know the way of the trans-

Boy-Yes; towards Canada.

Riker's Sachet Powders Riker's Sachet Powders

are finer, stronger and more lasting than Lubin's, Atkinson's, Coudray's or, in fact, any sachet powder in the
market. This is guaranteed by Rirker, 363 6th are.
Holictorpo, violet, lockey clab, while rose, musk.

Insist on having Rirker's SACHET POWDER and PERFUMES in the original package. DET POWDER and PERFUMES in the original package. DET POWDER and PERFUMES in the original package. DET POWDER and PERFUMES in the original package in the original package.

It am druggist refuses to
supply you you can be sure of getting what you sak for a
the dry-goods houses and general stores, or direct from
M. B. Rirker & SON,

Druggists and Perfumers,

(Established [546],

at 365 6th ave., Now York.



in this column that triple athletic and musical entertainment

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

GREAT THINGS EXPECTED OF THE AMA-

TEUR ATHLETES ENTERTAINMENT.

League-Polo in Jersey City-Excitement

Among Seventh Regiment Athletes Ove

Gilbert-An Old-Time Sparrer at the Hoff-

man House-Twelfth Regiment Cames.

Trying to Get Up an Amateur Lacro

politan Opera-House. All three houses are

John Flannery, Brooklyn's most enthusiastic lacrosse player, is trying to get up an amateur lacross league similar to the organiamateur lacross league similar to the organizations ruling wheeling, athletics, rowing, &c. He has written to nearly every club in the country and received favorable replies.

quirers is all that worries the committees

The New York Polo Club will play the Jersey City club at the Pavonia Rink this evening. The New York team will play the Brooklyns at the Palace Rink in Brooklyn on

The result of the Olympic Athletic Club's annual competitions, which occur every other Sunday from the 1st of May to Dec. 1, is just announced. Mr. E. Hjertsberg scored nineteen points in the twenty-two events on the list and is the all around champion of the big O's. W. F. Thompson is second, with fourteen points; F. Isherwood third, with thirteen, and T. Namack fourth, with the same number. Isherwood got one more first place than Namack. W. A. Halpin is fifth with eleven points. with eleven points.

Quite a little excitement has been kicked up over the Seventh's games last Saturday evening. Every company in the regiment but one has protested against G. Y. Gilbert, the New York Athletic Club man, who pulled off the quarter, 1,000 yards and one mile runs. Gilbert is to be debarred from receiving his medals, it is said, because he was never elected and was only posted for election three days before the games.

Another matter the Seventh boys are kicking over is the handicapping. Prof. George Goldie, the Athletic Instructor of the New York Athletic Club, did it and it is claimed he gave his pupils undue advantage. A petition is being circulated among amateur athletes to the officers of the athletic association of the regiment to have the official handicapper of the National Association of Amateur Athletes do this work. The signers of this paper say say they will not compete at Seventh Regiment contests again till their demands are acceded to. Another matter the Seventh boys are kick-

Billy Tracey now has the only complete set of colors that hang over any bar in New York City. He has both Kilrain's and Smith's. Jack Baldock, who is to second the English champion, sent the Briton's colors over yesterday. Smith colors are a blue and red border running around a large white silk handkerchief, with a picture of himself in fighting attitude in the middle surrounded by four royal standards.

The clever old-time heavy-weight, Charlie Perkins, of Rochester, is at the Hoffman House. Perkins used to spar with John C. Heenan, the "Benecia Boy." His latest achievement was the refereeing to the satisfaction of everybody the glove contest between Reddy Gallagher, of Cleveland, and Charlie Mitchell. The old champion will probably witness the battle between Reagan and Dempsey.

The athletic entertainment and reception to take place at the Twelfth Regiment Armory, Sixty-second street and Ninth avenue, New York, on Saturday evening, Dec. 10, promises to be of unusual interest. In the varied programme of walks, runs, tug-of-war and bicycle races, a very large number of athletes will compete (there being 233 entries), among whom are the best athletes in the country. Besides the large entry list from New York City, a number of entries have been received from other States and cities. The bicycle race and tugs will be especially interesting. This is the greatest list of entries ever received in Armory games.

Couldn't Answer Off Haud. [From the Burlington Free Press.] Insurance Agent—How many times have you een married, ma'm? Widow-Hold on, I'll look in my hair-album and

To one and all we say nee ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM. Best druggists.

BUSINESS-LIKE COURTSHIP.

Olive Harper Tells How a Practical Armeeian Gets a Wife.

(From St. Louis Republican.)
While in Constantinople I had an invitation t assist at an Armenian wedding, the young bride being the daugater of a wealthy powder manufacturer and the bridegroom a simple clerk in the office of the Levent Times, a paper which for a Aziz, on account of its advocacy of a change in the succession of princes to the throne. As the law is, the whole of the family of brothers must reign be fore the son of the oldest brother can aspire to the throne, and Sultan Aziz always wished to have the succession changed so that his son would take his place instead of his brothers. Afterwards this paper

sical entertainment which the Manhattan Athletic, the Essex County Toboggan and the Staten Island Athletic Clubs have combined to give at Orange, N. J., on Dec. 15; at Staten Island on the 17th, and at the Metropolitan Opera-House in this city on the 20th inst., will be a tremendous success. Almost every seat is sold already and yesterday the Triton-Boat Club, of Newark, purchased a bunch of 100 seats in the first balcony of the Metropolitan Opera-House. All three houses are so well sold that what to say to eager inpulsed. but usually the professional matchmakers are emso well sold that what to say to eager in-

dertake to find sulfable husbands for their sisters, but usually the professional matchmakers are employed.

In the case of the couple to whose wedding I went the old woman had gone down to the effice and made her proposal there, which he accepted on condition that the dowry was actually what it represented, which was 20,000 Turkish lires, or nearly \$100,000, and this was considered a good dowry, and therefore the young girl was very attractive.

The young man, Haskar by name, received the money all together the day before the ceremony, according to custom, and out of that he bought his wedding suit and a handsome necklace of turney, and the evening, after having received the downy money, he called on Mr. Hanly and proposed to buy a partnership in the Lecant Thines, and so in one day from a clerk he aspired to be a come part owner of the paper. He talked of the downy in the most open manner, and said that he thought that so wealthy a man should have given his daughter a larger portion, but that in time he hoped his wife would inherit a forune, as her father lived near a very unhealthy place called Yerimbourgus, and already had maiaria. Still, it he family of the bride were satisfied, and custom bounts any feeling they might have on the subject; but it seemed most abhorrent to hear him talk in this cool, caloulating way. Mr. and Mrs. Hanly

binnts any feeling they might have on the subject; but it seemed most shborrent to bear him takin this cool, calculating way. Mr. and Mrs. Hanly say that it is the fashion among the Armenians, and as long as they are satustice everybody else ought to be.

I forgot to mention that there were two houses also given to the bride, one in Constantinopie and one in Prinkipo, both furnished and ready for occupancy, but both these were settled upon her, at which Haskar complained, and he sent his cousin and mother to prove that the inventories of furniture and the bride's clothes were absolutely currect, as stated. errect, as stated.

tismarck Had an Officer Thrown in a Pig Pen to Win a Bet.

(From the Chicago Tribune, )
This Hildebrand who was first in Bismarck's service came to America after quitting his master, finally settled in Wisconsin and died a few years ago. He told a characteristic story of Bismarck in ago, He told a characteristic story of Bismarck in the tough days of his youth. A party of officers, young Bismarck among them, were having a carouse. Champagne had been flowing with the greatest freedom and the spirits of the party had risen accordingly. Hildebrand was a big, strapping man, and physically able to handle any of the company, an'i perhaps two of them. A young Lieutenant had been rather overlearing towards the servant and it had annoyed Bismarck, who regarded Hildebrand almost in the hight of a brother. Finally he entered into a short euboy of the faithfulness of his attaché, asserting to the young Leutenant that if he should be ordered to throw a person, even an officer, into the pigsty he would at once obey. The officer doubted this, and the champagne was wagered on the matter. Hildebrand had heard none of the conversation, but he did hear Bismarck when the latter turned to him suddenly and said:

"Throw that fellow into the pig pen," pointing to the smart young officer.

Without a word he reached out his arms, folded the Lieutenant in them, and, despite his struggles, bore him out of the house into the barnyard and dumped him over into the trough where the pigs were fed, amid abouts of laughter, Bismarck fairly roaring with glee. The bet was paid several times over. the tough days of his youth. A party of officers,

The Maiden Escorted Him.

[From the Buffalo Express.]

A North-street young man named Le Marque,
Went to call on the charming Miss Clarque,
She asked him to stay, but he answered her, I'm afraid to go home after darque.

Then answered the charming Miss Clarque, "I'll escort you as far as the parque,
Because there's a spitz on the block next to thitz,"
—Weil, I should remarque!

The Idea of Suicide Abourd-The First Com pany to Pay.

pany to Pay.

The casualty reporter of the World looked in en Agent Johnson at the Travelers Ina. Co., 140 Broadway, this morning, and propounded the following right out from the shoulder question: "Will your company pay the claim for the death of Mr. Schwab, who fell through the hatchway at his store, 555 Broadway?"

No parrying occurred, but he hit right back with: "We have paid \$10,000—In mil. "When was he insured?" 'Sppt. 21, 1887. We received proofs yesterday, and have given check to-day." "Was there not some newspaper talk about suicide?" 'Yes, but that is assurd. It was unquestionably an accident, and a very sad one. There are certain assessment associations who are much more prompt in collecting assessments than in paying claims, and this suicide ery is frequently raised in such cases to gain time to pass the hat. I in paying claims, and this suicide ory is frequently raised in such cases to gain time to pass the hat. I do not know how the rumor spread, but some of the associations interested in this case have been overanxious to know what action the Travelers would take. Now they have it. Good morning." \*.\*

People Who Make a Business of Robbing the Unknown Dead.

! [Interview with the Late A. S. Sullivan.] One of the reasons why the Public Administra or is apt to be restless of a night in thinking over his position is that there are any number of combinations by clever rogues for the purpose of hoodwinking him and getting at the

winking shim and getting at the city's money. When a man dies in this city who is unknown and whose relatives and heirs are also unknown and effects go into the charge of the Pub io Administrator. He advertises the fact of the man's decease, with such description of him as he ran give, and invite any heirs or relatives to come and prove their ideanty.

'It is not at all an infrequent thing for such deaths to occur. They are not common among weathy classes, but among those who are apparently poor it sometimes happens that men have in their possession some weaths which they kept carefully conceased from the knowledge of their neighbors. My experience shows that men of this kind not only are miserly as to gathering and saving their money, but also very suspicious of their neighbors, and go to great lengths to avoid making acquantances of any kind. They condide in nobody as to their personal bistory, and, baving lived lonely and solitary lives, finally die unexpectedly without any attendance.

"Of course were it known that these men had wealth it would be possible for that wealth to disappear before the police would be made acquainted with the fact, and the Public Administrator would be none the wiser; but this knowledge being secret, the neighbors report the death to the police, and they, after searching the house and discovering property, turn it over to the Public Administrator.

"Less than ten years ago the city was infested."

"Less than ten years ago the city was infested with men and women who made this kind of thieving a business. They had a regular combination to beat the city out of any moner coming to it in this way. I don't donot that they get some pretty good fortunes, for they were as intelligent a set of rogues as I have ever come in contact with I was only the frequency of the combine of the set of the se

What a New Yorker Says He Saw on Chinese Sunday-School Exension.

[New York Correspondence Kunsus City Journal.] On the return trip the party was joilier than ever in the soft twilight, as the steamer turned her prow lown the Hudson, the Chinese started to hymns. Little groups were scattered here and hymns. Little groups were scattered here and there about the decks and everything was as joily as an ordinary excursion. There was no appear-ance of restraint, and pupils and teachers joked and laughed and fooled with each other just as they would on a regulation American excursion. In some parts of the boat dancing was even be-gun, and the odd sight of a pig-tailed Chinaman whirling a pretty American girl in the mazes of a waits was not at all uncommon. When the

or two American girls in tow and escorted them home.

To a certain extent church authorities are conscious of the familiarity existing between the teachers and pupils and efforts have been made to discourage it, though unquestionably the friendly feeling existing between pupil and teacher is in the highest degree ennoshing to the former and of no harm to any one. It is a tribute to the unfailing kindness and patience, as well as to the evident high character of the young ladies. Several churches, however, have put a stop to the entertainments given by the pupils and tried to bring it down to a strictly business basis. The Chinamen, however, objected to it very strongly. In those currches where the rules forbid the popils giving presents to the teachers, there has been a notable failing off in the attendance of the Chinamen.

notable failing off in the attendance of the Chinamen.

The teachers do not seem to like it either, and in those churches it is much more difficult to obtain teachers than in others where these rules are not enforced. The authorities who are endeavoring to reform these matters compain that as long as inere is not a union of the Sunday-schools and a firm standing on that basis, it is impossible to compel the Chinamen to adhere to the rules. In schools where it has been attempted to put make leachers the Chinamen have left in a body and have gone to churches where they can have their way. They insist not only upon having young women to instruct them, but also insist that each Chinaman shall have the same individual teacher every Sunday. The girls appear to agree with the pupils on this subject, and the efforts to change this state of affairs has so far been unsuccessful.

A Ceincidence. [From Life.]
It is a remarkable fact that Pope wrote of Wol-

Behold thee, glorious only in thy fall! Surely history repeats itself, for the presen Wolseley's greatness as a general is attributed to his tumble from a camel in the African desert.

[From Judge.]
The people who entered a Fourth avenue car the other day were surprised to find signs " Reserved !

staced on the seats. "Come, now, gentlemen," said a ticketseller, "pick out your seats. The best ones are selling for seven conta,"

Not So Ruined as It Might Be.

[From Judge.] Sister Emily—Why are you so dejected, Paul? Young Minister-My life work is ruined. The

board has decided that my opinions debar me from being sent to the heathen. Emily—Cacer up. Do your work in the city here. It is pleasanter to cat at nome than to be eaten abroad. She Favored It. [From the Burlington Free Press.] Mrs. Bloggs (to her spouse)—Will the reduction of

the surplus they talk about put an end to the sur-Bloggs-Of course.

Competent to Testify. [From Judge.]
"Do you believe in luck, my good man?" asked superstitious old lady of a tramp. "I can't say that I do, mum," replied the tramp, because I've never had any."

Beware of Imitation Almond Meal.

Furn for Pretty Women.

[From a New Fork Letter.]
A walk through the principal streets, a passing view of the carriages on parade in Fifth avenue, and a perp or so into some of the large fur stores make one feel as if women were the most heartless and unfeeling creatures in the world. We have heard so much about their causing the slaughter of the birds for their adornment that it is with a real shock that we see that the animal kingdom suffers just as much, if not more, than the birds. One dealer alone showed me sixty-three different kinds of fur muffs. The most of them are of the long-haired variety, and from the texture of some of them I think some one has discovered how to utilize Spitz dogs. There are all kinds of loxes represented, from the snow-white Arctic to the jet black and the birds for their adornment that it is with a dogs. There are all kinds of foxes represented, from the snow-white Arctio to the Jet black and red. Lynxes, martens, beavers, otters, coyotes, squirrels, rabbits, chinchilla, sable, blson, ermine, sable and skunk, to not mention cats and dogs. Astrakan and goats and seal. All these, and many more which I cannot remember have their places as decorations for pretty women. Beshies these are kins for gloves and alligators for pocketbooks. The furs are mostly made up in muffs, stoles and long tippels and short capes or pelerines. Scaiskin Newmarkets, wraps and walking jackets are just as popular as ever. The wraps have a trimming of black fur around them or a fringe made of sable tails. The jackets are most often plain, but also have tails as a fringe where it can be afforded. Sable is now the Gearest fur. a short wrap of fine fur costing \$1,200 to \$1,500. But seaiskin is richer in color and more becoming to the most of women than sable, and for that reason probably will still remain dear to the feminine heart.

Gont, Rheumatism and No Dog.

[From Judge.]
" How is it you have so many young men call of ou?" asked a lealous girl. "Because," was the reply, "father has the gou one foot and the rhoumatism in the other; be des, we don't keep a dog."

Catarrh to Consumption.

indoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore sives of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of enferers in all advar-tised remedies. They become resigned to a life of miser, rather than torture themselves with doubtful pallatives But this will never do. Catarrh must be But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has assumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage of the nose, the organs of hearing, of seeing and of tasting so affected as to be useless, the uvula so elongated, the throat so inflamed and irritated

Sanfond's Hadical Cune meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the meet leathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

Each package contains one bottle of the RADICAL
CURK, one box CATARRIMAL SOLVEST and an IMPROVED

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OLD FOLKS' PAINS. Full of comfort for all Pains, Inflammation and Weakness of the Aged is the Cuttering Anti-Pain Pinaster, the first and only pain-killing, Strengthening Plaster, New, instantaneous and unfailible. Vestry superior to all other remedies and appliances for relieving pain and estrengthening the muscles, Feels good from the moment it is applied. At all druggiess, 25 cents; five for \$1.05; or, postage free, of POTER DRUGAND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

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ADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. M. PALMER.
Evenings at 8.30. Saturday M SUCCESS FEEL A II NOW N ERE SUCCESS OF ER LAA II NOW N ERE SUCCESS OF ERE LAA II NOW N ERE SUCCESS ERE LLLL A II N EN ERE

CRITICS IN ACCORD.

TRIBUNE—"A compilions revival." HERALD—"R
will become the talk of the tones, "WORLD—"Every
father should take the family to see it." TIMES—"A
acted prom. BUN—"A postne delight." JOURNAL—"A
acted prom. BUN—"THE PORTAL

"TRIBUNE"

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.. BEATS RESERVED THREE WEEKS IN ADVANCE. H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE.

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CHRIS AND LENA. Secure your Seats in Advance BEWARE of SPECULATORS Dec. 12--UNDER THE LASH DEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 6TH & 6TH AVES,

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Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.
Admission to all, 50 cents; children 25 cents.
AJEEB—The Mystifying Chess Automaton.

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MATINEES WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY.
Positively Last Three Weeks of
DENNAN THOMPSON
IN "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."
Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 59c., 75c., \$1, and \$1.50. BLOU OPERA HOUSE EIGHTH WEEK.
RICE'S RURLESQUE COMPANY.
65 ARTISTS.

BLOU OPERA HOUSE EIGHTH WEEK.
RICE'S Sumptuous Production,
THE COMPANY.
65 ARTISTS.

Eve's at 8 (sharp), Mat's Wed 48 at at 2

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The New Cornedy.
MATINEE
SATURDAY.
THE WIFE. MAKART'S FIVE SENSES.

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Charteris."

She turned and left him without another word. He stood there for one moment, and then plunged into the untrodden snow across the park, turning away from the house where Di stood waiting to welcome him.

[BY J. B. F.1

Continued from Wednesday. Continued from Wednesday.

18 TNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPPER.—In a little fishing village on the British coast the Rev. Godfrey Hemming was preaching his first sermon to a new charge one stormy Sunday morning. A minute gun at sea told the story of a vessel on the rocks. The minister dismissed the congregation and joined a life-boat crew in aiding to rescue the passengers and crew on the sinking sulp. He drew one half-drowned woman from the waves and she exclaimed:

"Why, Godfroy Hemming, is it you?"

The vicar started like one shot, and stood where he was, seemingly petrified.

"Violet!" he said; "Violet—you! Is it possible!"



life, fond of agriculture, fond of hunting, of shooting, and fond of the land that lay about him.

By the fire sat Mr. Hemming. It was some months after his entry into the parish, and he and the Squire had become fast friends.

This is like winter, Hemming, "said the Squire, as he stood in a true Englishman's position, back to the fire, hands under his coat-tails. "Ah, Hemming, I shall feel it when I come to lose my girl."

"I am sure you will," replied Mr. Hemming; "but you mustn't forget that she isn't going far away. "No." said the squire; "no, she isn't going far away, that's one comfort. And Edward Lascelles is a fine fellow, a true, noble-hearted lad—that's another. No, I oughtn't to feel it, for D is happy. Ald if she's happy, I'm happy. Where is she this morning. I wonder? "I met Miss Leighton and Sir Edward as I came up the drive," said Mr. Hemming. "I fancy they were going down to the lodge to see Granny Smith, who has got what she calls the 'roomatiz' very bad.

"Ah," said the squire, "she's an old favorite of Diana's. Poor Granny Smith! Her 'roomatiz' is always bad in winter. But there's Di coming back. Bless her bonny face! She's as handsome a girl as you'll find in the county, Hemming!"

The squire's daughter entered presently. She was a pretty girl, and her prettiness was not of the doll-like beauty wholesome in Smith of the doll-like beauty with one finds everywhere.

"Oh, Mr. Hemming!" she cried, "Granny Smith! She were troublesome in Smith of the doll-like beauty wholesome in Smith of the land that lay about him.

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"I me thiss Leighton and Sir Edward

child, the one delight and sunbeam of his life, going to be married? Squire Leighton stood in his library and looked out across the park. There was plenty of snow lying on its broad expanse, and the whole seens looked wintry. But there was no feeling of winter in Squire

Leighton's heart. As he walked from the window to the fire-

place he looked every inch a fine old English HIS WIFE'S OTHER HUSBAND. place he looked every inch a fine old English gentleman. Tall, burly, fresh healthy color in his cheeks, clean-shaven upper lip and chin, short crisp whiskers and close-cropped head, no one would have taken him for anything other than he was-a country squirea great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman, fond of the fresh air, fond of rurs life, fond of agriculture, fond of hunting, of shooting, and fond of the land that lay about

finds everywhere.
"Oh, Mr. Hemming!" she cried, "Granny "Oh, Mr. Hemming!" she cried, "Granny Smith's rheumatism is very troublesome indeed this morning, and she wants you to pray that the cold weather mayn't continue, for if it does she's sure you'll have to bury her in Elmsea churchyard before long. Poor old Granny! Oh, and I wanted to tell you. Mr. Hemming, that Edward is coming with me to-morrow

morning to decorate the church. We will bring my cousin, the West-Leightons, and Capt. Probyn, and Lieut Seaton and all the other people who are coming here this afternoon, and I suppose Mrs. and Miss Vernon will be there. And do you think Miss Spicer and Miss Arabella will be there too? Do you know, I like Miss Arabella immensely. She always tells me such a lot about church work, and last time I saw her she gave me a pattern to make a stole by. She said St. Oriel's wanted one for Christmas very much. Do you want one, Mr. Hemming?"

"I have no doubt we should not refuse one, Miss Leighton," said Mr. Hemming, who had a great taste for ecclesiastical millinery.
"Then you shall have one; mine is nearly

had a great taste for ecclesiastical millinery.

"Then you shall have one; mine is nearly finished, and I'll have it quite done by Christmas Day, and you shall wear it for the first time. Won't Miss Spicer be delighted, and won't Miss Arabella think it pretty?"

"Diana," said her father, who was an old-fashioned churchman, "you are simply encouraging this infatuated young man in his ritualistic craze. I'm ashamed of you! You'll turn out a second Miss Spicer in time, I suppose. But where's Edward gone to?"

"He is here," said Di, as a tall young man entered the room. "Come here, sir, and give Mr. Hemming your ideas concerning the decorations."

entered the room. "Come here, sir, and give Mr. Hemming your ideas concerning the decorations."

Sir Edward Lascelles was a good-looking man of thirty-two or three; in another twenty years he would be like a Squire Leighton; now he was like the squire had been twenty years before—very straight, at least six feet two, broad shoulders, frank, open countenance, blue eyes and fair curling hair. He was as handsome a young baronet as the baronetage could produce.

As he stood by Dians's side it struck the two men watching them that a finer pair could not be found in the whole county.

"I must give Hemming my ideas respecting the decorations afterwards," said Sir Edward; "at present my thoughts are intent on luncheon, which is just ready, I believe, Squire. I am ravenously hungry."

It was 2 o'clock when Mr. Hemming said good-by to his host, and stepped out into the cold, frosty afternoon. In the drive he met Sir Edward, who was on his way from the stables.

"Going, Hemming?" asked the Baronet.

stables.
"Going, Hemming?" asked the Baronet.
"I've half a mind to walk with you to the

village. Di is busy transacting some wonder-ful business in connection with her wedding dress, and I suppose the Squire will be hav-ing his afternoon nap, so I am left to my own resources. Stay, while I fetch my cigar-case." The two men walked on in silence for some little time.

The two men wanted Sr Edward, "my life little time.

"Hemming," said Sir Edward, "my life to-day looks like this road, white and beautiful, and stretching away far into the distance to terminate as this road terminates—in shadow—shadow that is not the shadow of night. It's been a poor life, I am afraid, old the Sires you and I were at Oxford shadow—shadow that is the state of the property of the state of the st Robert died last year I hadn't seen Elmsea nor Lascelles place for ten years. Well, I hope I shall be a worthy successor to the old man. The place will have the best and the handsomest mistress it ever had in Di."

You are a fortunate man, Lascelles," said Mr. Hemming.

"I am. Why I deserve such happiness I can't make out," said his companion. "I sometimes used to think out there in the bush that vertices can'd realers a man in this

can't make out," said his companion. "I sometimes used to think out there in the bush that nothing could redeem a man in this world. The villainy, the badness, the open contempt and utter disregard of all good things which I had surrounding me so long, made me misanthropic, and I began to despair of ever seeing anything good. But if I had been ever such a villain Di would have changed me. God bless her!"

"Amen." said the vicar.

"You know, old fellow," continued the Baronet, "I've a past to my life like other people. I've done some foolish things and some bad things, and I've not always been what I ought to have been. But I'm going to turn over a new leaf and lead a better sort of life. When I came home in response to the letter telling me Sir Robert was dead, I'd forgotten all civilized ways, and I felt little better than a savage. Well, that's all over now, and I'm to be married in eight days to the best and handsomest girl in England."

"Lucky man!" said Mr. Hemming. "Hallo, here we are at my gate! Won't you come in for some tea. Lascelles? No? Well, then, good by till to-morrow."

The vicar went up the path to his door, while Sir Edward walked slowly down the

road from the vicarage, and turned into a narrow lane which led back to the Hail.

The church was at his left hand; at his right a group of cottages, and behind him the cliffs and the sea. In the churchyard the snow was very deep, and the lowering sky above seemed to threaten a storm.

But Sir Edward seemed to be in no haste, and presently he stopped, and leaning over the churchyard-gate, looked long and earnestly at the scene before him until the clock in the church-tower roused him.

One, two, three, four, five strokes sounded, and then he pulled himself together, whistled to his dog and, leaping over the stile which separated the road from the park, strode into the fast gathering darkness.

He crossed the park and went through the belt of trees which separated it from the lawn. There before him lay the house, every window lighted. And there, he knew, was his love awaiting him.

He was not a sentimental young man, but somehow he felt a strange thrill just then and his strong young voice burst into song.

"You sing well," said a voice which seemed to the Baronet to come out of the darkness, and which was yet so near to him that he turned and started to find a woman standing close behind him.

"You you wouldn' have favored the

spoke, and strove to peer into her face with Estelle Phillips? Australia? Who are "Estelle Phillips? Australia? Who are you?" he asked, in thick, agitated tones. "Tell me—tell me quickly! What do you know of my being in Australia? What do you know of Estelle Phillips? Tell me, I

you know of Estelle Phillips? Tell me, I command, who are you?"

The woman came a step closer to him.

"Your wife," she said, very calmly.

Sir Edward staggered back and threw up his arms as though to ward off a blow.

"Estelle!" he almost shrieked. "You!
Oh, God! I thought you were dead—dead long since." long since."

" And you are very sorry to find me aliveeh?" said the woman. "But you see I am here, my dear husband, and I can't really see how you are going to get rid of me. Why how you are going to get rid of me. Why don't you take me to your arms and tell me how much and how dearly you love me, and how you have longed to see me once again. Ha, ha, ha! My dear husband, how glad I am to see you once more!"
Sir Edward had turned deadly pale, and

sir Edward had turned cardy pale, and even in the darkness his companion could see the ashen hue that was stealing over his countenance. He staggered to the gate leading out of the park to the lawn, and stood there panting, almost gasping for breath. The woman spoke again. there panting, almost gasping for breath. The woman spoke again.

"This is a nice surprise for you, Sir Edward, isn't it?" she said, in mocking tones;

"quite a pretty little romantic episode in your quiet English life. We like romances out in the bush, and so did you once, or you would never have married your pal's daughter, would you? But you were only a boy, then, of course—only a beardless boy. Oh, what a young fool you were? But never mind, my friend. You thought I was dead—here I am alive; we shall keep house together again, and all will go merry as a marriage-bell. Come, aren't you going to kiss me?"

She lifted up her face to his as she spoke.

With a muttered imprecation he flung her hand from him and started back.

"Kiss you!" he said. "Never! It is true you are my wife, for you trapped me into marrying you—you and your father between you—and when I, maddened by the life you led me, left you, I resolved never to see you again. And then I learnt you were dead, and

thanked God for the news. If it had but thanked God for the news. If it had bus been true!"

"So that you might have married the squire's daughter—eh?"

"Don't breathe her name with your lips," he burst out. "Oh, God! to think what I have lost because of a foolish action done when a boy!"

he burst out. "Oh, God! to think what I have lost because of a foolish action done when a boy!"

"You needn't go into a temper, Sir Edward," said the woman. "You haven't lest your sweetheart yet. Now listen to me. I'm your wife, and you know it. Secondly, no one else knows or need know it. Secondly, no one else knows or need know it. Give me secrtain sum of money every year, and you, shall never be troubled by me again; you shall marry Miss Leighton, and be happy for the rest of your days."

Sir Edward felt a ray of hope spring up within him.

"Do you mean it?" he said."

"Yes, I do. Give me your promise and write me a check for the first year, and I'm lost to you for ever, "she said. "Yea know me. Edward Lascelles. Did I ever break a promise? Listen. I never loved you, you poor foolish dolt, but I do love a man who is a man. He is all that is good and honorable and true, and I once did him a grievous wrong. He doesn't care for me, and he little knows what a vile creature I am. But, mark me. Edward Lascelles; I love that man, and I will have him. No power on earth shall prevent it. So. you see, I don't want you in the way. But you are in my power, and I shall use that power. You will give me a certain sum every year as the price of my silence. Then you can do as you please. I shall never trouble you more."

Sir Edward still leant against the gate, his face buried in his hands.

"Meet me to-night," the woman went on, "and give me your answer. Stay! do you know the village? Yes? Well, then, at 8 o'clock come down by the church, past the inn, and knock at the door of the little house at the end of the lane. I live there, and you will find me there if you ask for Miss Charteris."

She turned and left him without another word.

Continued Friday Evening